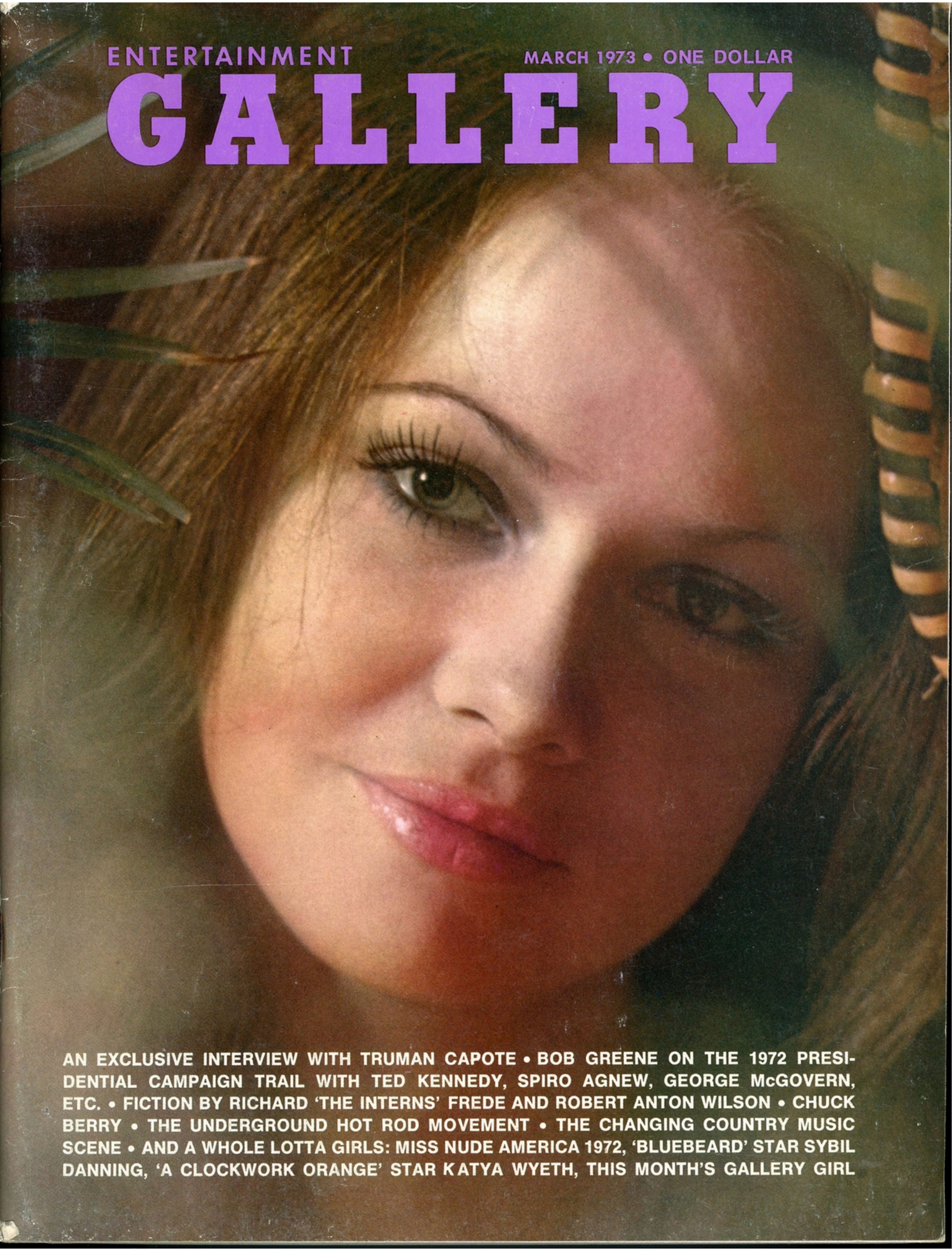
ENTERTAINMENT

GALLERY

MARCH 1973 • ONE DOLLAR



AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH TRUMAN CAPOTE • BOB GREENE ON THE 1972 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN TRAIL WITH TED KENNEDY, SPIRO AGNEW, GEORGE McGOVERN, ETC. • FICTION BY RICHARD 'THE INTERNS' FREDE AND ROBERT ANTON WILSON • CHUCK BERRY • THE UNDERGROUND HOT ROD MOVEMENT • THE CHANGING COUNTRY MUSIC SCENE • AND A WHOLE LOTTA GIRLS: MISS NUDE AMERICA 1972, 'BLUEBEARD' STAR SYBIL DANNING, 'A CLOCKWORK ORANGE' STAR KATYA WYETH, THIS MONTH'S GALLERY GIRL

VOL. 1 NO. 5—MARCH 1973

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REPORT FROM FOUR-ONE-ZERO

a year to clean house?

It's an old chestnut, but it bears repeating: Harry picks up Delilah in Stamford, Connecticut, and takes her to Manhattan to meet her date. The date doesn't show. After five martinis, Harry lures Delilah to a hotel room, to bed, and lays her thoroughly and repeatedly.

On the same evening, Larry leaves New York with Debbie and takes her to Great Gorge. His specific intent, as they pass over the George Washington Bridge, is to make it big with her, as he has done before. Alas, Larry passes out after five martinis and Debbie is picked up by an on-the-scene swashbuckler.

Larry is guilty of a federal felony, Harry is not. It's not the score that counts, but the intent that exists in the mind of the person crossing a state line *as he crosses!* Ridiculous, you say? Quite so.

Of all the elements which have contributed to youthful resentment toward and rebellion against the so-called Establishment, none has weighed more heavily than pure, simple, obvious hypocrisy. And while the total elimination of this nasty human enterprise may be beyond the ultimate capability of man, some serious spring cleaning of our lawbooks is not.

Our country is no longer a sprawling, disconnected linkage of distinct sovereigns, where travel from one to the other is an adventure. It is a tightly-knit community bound together by sophisticated networks of communications and travel. State lines are crossed daily by millions, most of whom are probably unaware of the event. (Indeed, neither Harry nor Larry gave the fact of crossing any serious thought.) And yet despite these circumstances, the act of simple fornication ranges from no crime at all to a crime of grave consequences, depending on whose backyard you happen to be in at the time.

Foolish laws of this ilk, still in force but unenforced most of the time, provide the festering pot for one of the slickest ills of our society: Selective Prosecution. This is the term most often used by legal scholars to describe that sort of vindictiveness which prompts a public official with a desire to "get" some target defendant to catch him in a perfectly harmless act and charge him with a crime. The fact that the same prosecutor and his police might be guilty of the same crime on a regular basis does not deter him from going forward with a vengeance.

From years of social conversation with honest lawmakers, prosecutors, and judges, I think that most of them privately disdain the fact that our laws are in themselves so hypocritical. They also feel that to publicly say so, while striking out these laws, would probably provoke a hue and cry from the puritans and hypocrites (a sizeable voting bloc) which could be costly come election time. Hopefully, with the recent evolution in public attitudes, this is no longer so.

Perhaps it would be a useful exercise for each legislator or other official with the power to wipe away foolish laws to ask himself (in utmost confidence, of course), "Now, just which of these rules do *I* break on a regular basis, or from time to time, while in the legitimate pursuit of happiness?" Such a cathartic experience ought to lead, it seems, to the abolition of a fearful tangle of "victimless crimes."

During my final days on active duty as a Legal Officer in the Marine Corps, I defended a staff sergeant who had been charged in a *general* court-martial with the terrible offense of "Cohabitation." He had in fact been shacking up, like all the other good Marines, but he had selected a colonel's girlfriend; to make matters worse, the colonel was paying the rent on the apartment these lovers used.

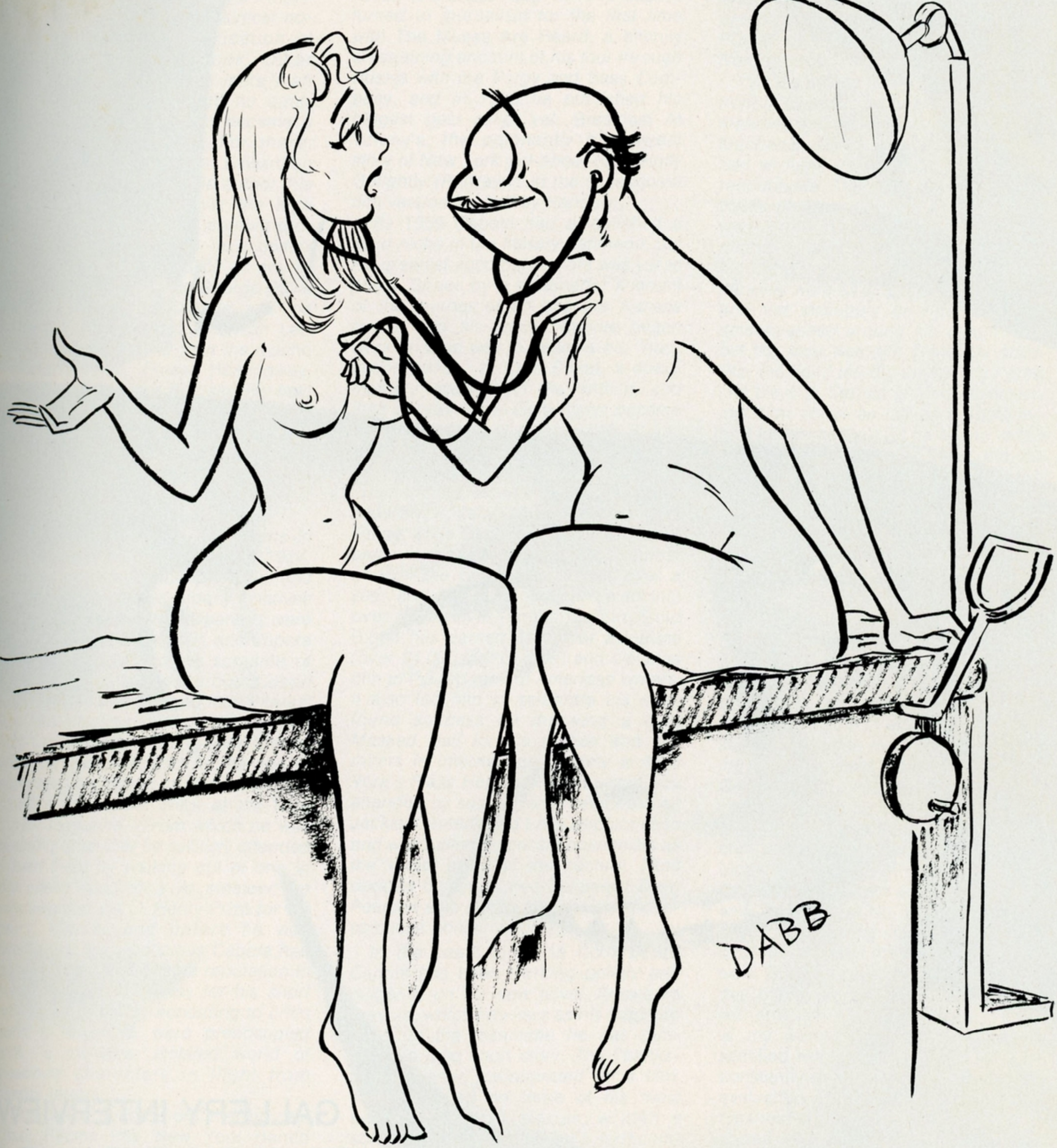
When it came time to examine the appointed members of the military jury for a challenge, I announced an intent to ask each one whether he had ever cohabited with a woman not his wife.

"On what possible grounds?" demanded the military judge.

"On the grounds that thieves should not sit in judgment in a larceny case," I replied. "I shall first inquire which Court Members have done duty in Japan . . . ?"

That ended the trial. Not enough hypocrites could be found to form a jury. Can we catch up with the Marine Corps?

F. Lee Bailey



"Doctor, are you sure this is what's meant by 'socialized medicine?'"

SYBIL SECONDS

an encore for *bluebeard* star
sybil danning

Sybil Danning is making her second appearance in the pages of GALLERY. Her first appearance was in connection with her American film debut in *Bluebeard,* as seen in the January issue. In the movie, Sybil plays a prostitute hired by Bluebeard's third wife "to teach her the finer skills of sensuous lovemaking." All goes well until the prostitute begins to teach the wife the skills of lesbian lovemaking. Bluebeard discovers the couple

and promptly does away with them. "Bluebeard, I think, has been my most important film to date," says Sybil, "not only because the film was made for an American market—I think the film was important for me because I worked with Richard Burton in it."

Sybil is presently in the middle of shooting another film, *The Immigrant,* and is also under consideration for a part opposite Henry Fonda in *White Sang*. Though she has only been a professional actress for two years, she has achieved quite a list of accomplishments in her profession. She has appeared in eight films, ranging from comedies to serious drama. Her first film was *Come My Dear Little Birds* (a comedy). She has also done *A Spy River* (set behind the Iron Curtain), *The Girl With the Hot Ribbon* (based on the Cary Grant–Sophia Loren picture *Houseboat*), and *Eye of the Labyrinth* with Alida Valli.

Sybil Danning was born in Vienna, but she spent part of her early childhood in America, where she mastered English. She returned to Austria to continue her education and graduated from school as a registered nurse. She worked several years in a Vienna hospital

before she returned to school, this time to master cosmetology and aesthetics. Cosmetics led her to modeling, which in turn lead to acting. It was during a modeling trip to Rome that Sybil was cast in her role in *Come My Dear Little Birds* by the film's director.

Sybil speaks fluent Italian and German in addition to English. She says she enjoys being outdoors a good deal. "I do a lot when I get out—I don't think I ever stop for anything. I like swimming, tennis, skiing, and horseback riding—when I get the chance. When I don't, it's because I'm working anyway. During those times I practice yoga. I really feel, sometimes, that I'm married to my work."

THE NUDE WAY

valerie craft, the queen without clothes

Valerie Craft is a very beautiful woman. She is also a very unusual woman. She won the title of Miss Nude America for 1972. She was married in the nude. She dances in the nude.

Early in 1972 Valerie Craft challenged an ordinance in Chicago prohibiting dancing in the nude. "As Miss Nude America, I felt it was my obligation to promote nudism and to fight for freedom of expression by personally challenging Chicago and Mayor Daley and the unconstitutional supression of my rights as outlined in the First Ammendment. Nudism is a fight for personal expression, and I was pleased to be the person to open up Chicago for nude dancing."

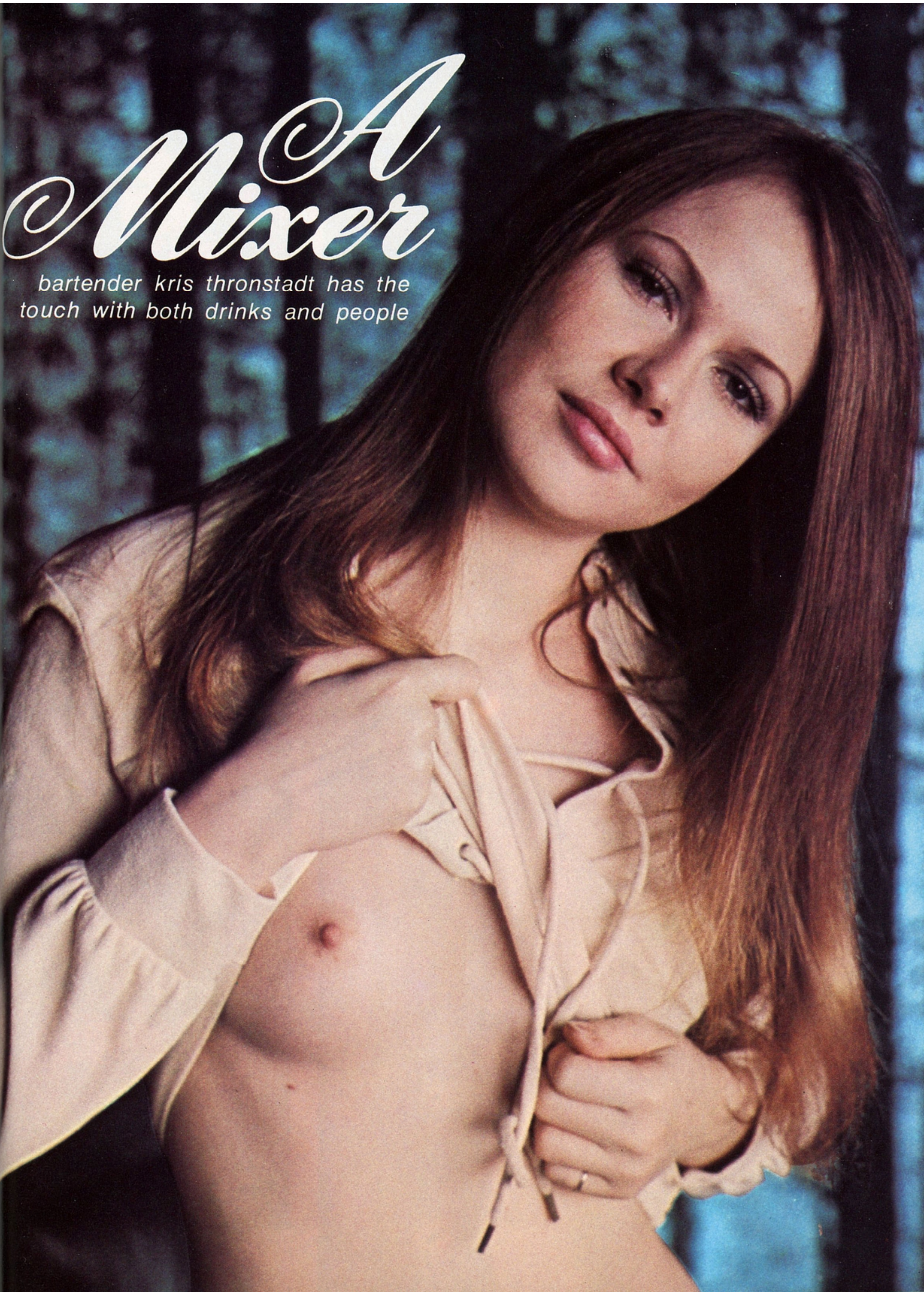
The 5 February 1971 *Chicago Daily News* reported:

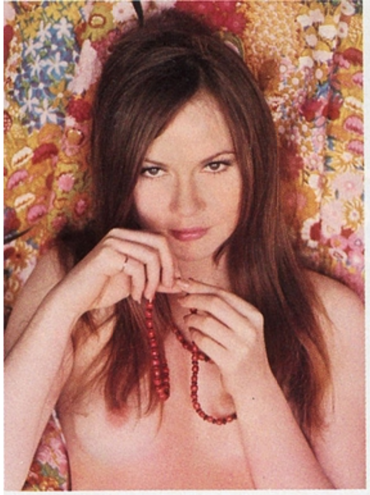
> *A nude woman danced before policemen, firemen, reporters and a scattering of private citizens Friday in the Rialto Theater, 546 S. State, in violation of a city statute and two state laws. She was not arrested.*
>
> *But the theater was closed. Very subtle, these Chicago police. The woman, Valerie Craft, Miss Nude America of 1972, contended before the performance that the laws were unconstitutional and would have to be stripped from the books if the police arrested her and she contended the pinch.*
>
> *Upstairs, a policeman began writing a citation noting that the Rialto did not have a current entertainment license and had two fire violations.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID J. MAENZA

A Mixer

bartender kris thronstadt has the touch with both drinks and people





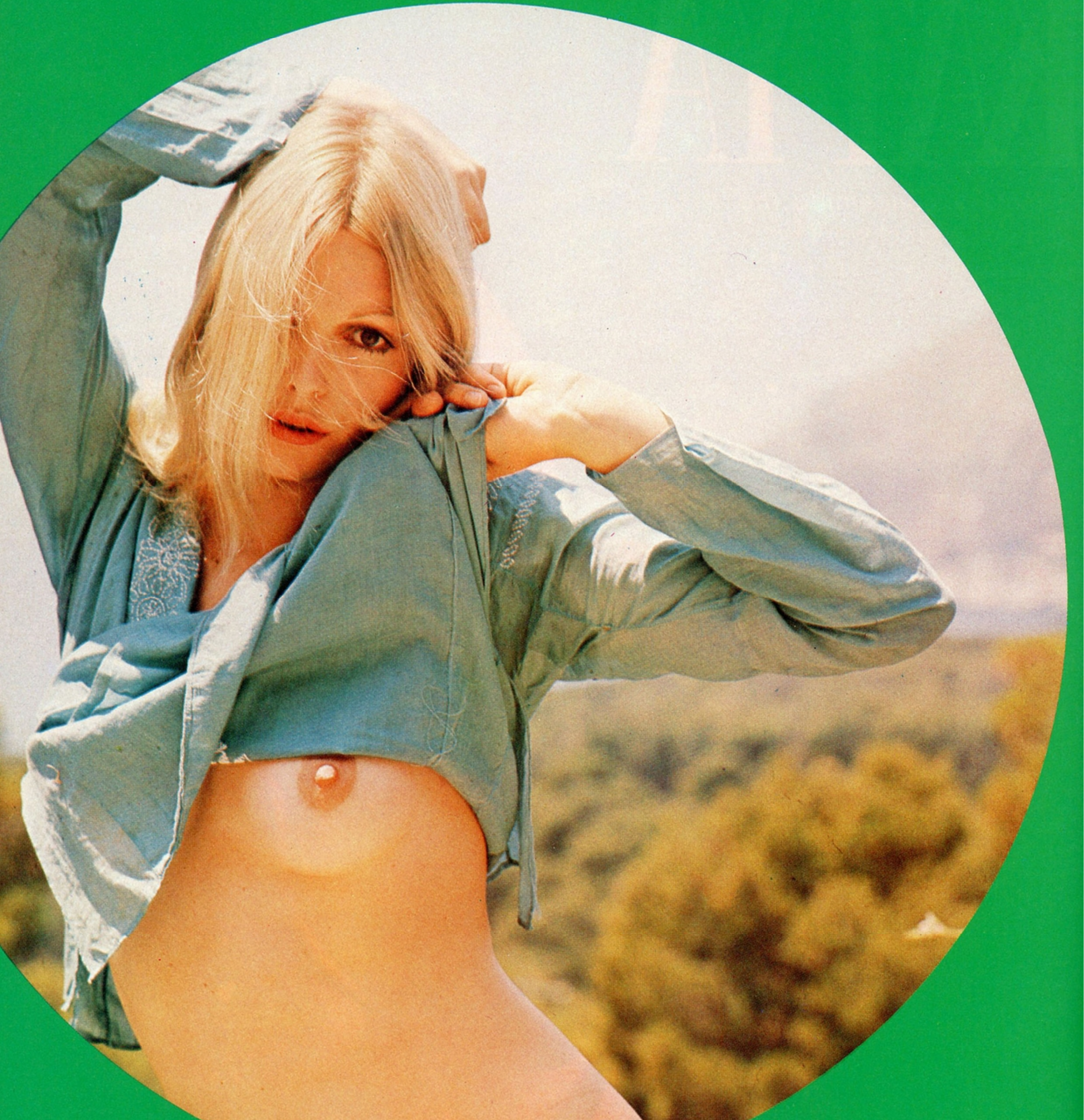
Kris Thornstadt is an unusual woman. She looks at the world from the viewpoint of a watcher—someone who knows what's going on through first-hand experience rather than word of mouth or the printed page. "I'm basically shy, I suppose, but that makes me sort of a perfectionist. I've had a strange life—I came from Chicago, but I've traveled all over the place. I enjoy traveling, and I enjoy being with people. Right now I'm a bartender at a restaurant, and I'm one of the best. I can jump over the bar as well as any guy, and I'm good at Indian wrestling—I usually win.

"I'm an avid skier, and I like to get out whenever I can. I live in Chicago now, with two roommates, a puppy, and a kitten. I would like to go on in school and become a veterinarian, but at the moment I'm concentrating on mastering what I can do *now*. I do tend to watch people a lot—it's odd, 'cause people remember me that way. They remember my eyes, and they remember my weird sense of humor. But as long as I have a good time, and as long as they have a good time, I don't really care what happens—I'm happy."

MISS MARCH
GALLERY GIRL OF THE MONTH

KATYA

a fantasy concerning the star of a clockwork orange



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BURNO BERNARD/GLOBE

There is a measure of fiction that haunts every facet of life. Fantasy creeps into the corners of the most mundane affairs—the day-to-day stuff of which life seems to be made. Consider Katya Weyth.

You can see she is a beautiful woman. That much is clear from the pictures. You may even recognize her from her appearance in *A Clockwork Orange*, or from any of a number of television shows currently on the air. But your mind doesn't stop there. It wanders. It keeps on going. You find yourself saying, "I wonder what she's really like?" And then your mind is off.

You hear a low, sultry voice. You've been hearing the voice for a long time, but you just hadn't remembered to listen until now. "Basically, I suppose, I'm very independent—I'm stubborn. I do what I want the way I want to do it. I have my own standards, and I know when I've done something well. Criticism irritates the hell out of me when it's based on ignorance, when it's based on simple lack of consideration for fact, when it's based on opinion."

You stop. Was that real? Of course not. It couldn't be. You were just imagining a voice. You look at the pictures again and read that Katya Weyth likes classical music, that she lives in a sixteenth-century farm-house and that she took up acting as a profession after she won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dance. You pause, and then your imagination starts in again.

This time you hear a dry, soft chuckle, "I'm probably too much of a traditionalist. Maybe that's because the past is easier to live in than the future. I don't know. I don't like change, but I find myself constantly faced with it. Life is like that."

You smile, and the voice fades. It's late, and you're tired, and it's hard to keep your mind from wandering. You start reading again. *Born in Bavaria, from Nordic parents, Katya now lives in*

Hamburg where she earns a living from modeling, although this is not her ultimate ambition in life.

"I don't always care for the things that are written about me, they're always so cold." Now it's a voice with a higher pitch and a vague accent. "What they say seems so unreal that I don't always think that it's really me they're talking about. They write about some strange woman in a picture that looks like me. I, suppose it's something that most models have to put up with—it's just something that goes along with making a living."

This time you decide that someone upstairs has the TV turned up too loud. Either that or the radio. It just comes down to a lack of consideration.

"A lot of people have a lack of consideration. It irritates me a great deal sometimes, when they get to the point of being too professional. It's hard to be professional and a person at the same time. Something has to win, and if you want to live comfortably, it's usually the professional. The person in you doesn't always make enough money."

You laugh a little bit, and forget about Katya Weyth as you turn the page. You wonder what she's really like. Then you decide you'll probably never know.